

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXI. ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed. For, there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hopes, of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her remaining upon earth, to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes and broke like waves.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in his arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them; her father's, firm and equal. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string, awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger whip-corrected, snorting

and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed words!

Thus, the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden-tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur—like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there, heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case, no echoes tell; but, it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had spoken of him, almost at the last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favoured is usually in a rough plight

and mostly under water, so, Sydney had a swamped life of it. But, easy and strong custom, unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating sense of desert or disgrace, made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jackal, than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion. Stryver was rich; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These three young gentlemen, Mr. Stryver, exuding patronage of the most offensive quality from every pore, had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband: delicately saying, "Halloa! here are three lumps of bread-and-cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three jumps of bread-and-cheese had quite bloated Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterwards turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen, by directing them to beware of the pride of Beggars, like that tutor-fellow. He was also in the habit of declaiming to Mrs. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him, and on the diamond-cut-diamond arts in himself, madam, which had rendered him "not to be caught." Some of his King's Bench familiars, who were occasionally parties to the full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often, that he believed it himself—which is surely such an incorrigible aggravation of an originally bad offence, as to justify any such offender's being carried off to some suitably retired spot, and there hanged out of the way.

These were among the echoes to which Lucie, sometimes pensive, sometimes amused and laughing, listened in the echoing corner, until her little daughter was six years old. How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came, and those of her own dear father's, always active and self-possessed, and those of her dear husband's, need not be told. Nor, how the lightest echo of their united home, directed by herself with such a wise and elegant thrift that it was more abundant than any waste, was music to her. Nor, how there were echoes all about her, sweet in her ears, of the many times her father had told her that he found her more devoted to him married (if that could be) than single, and of the many times her husband had said to her that no cares and duties seemed to divide her love for him or her help to him, and asked her "What is the magic secret, my darling, of your being everything to all of us, as if there were only one of us, yet never seeming to be hurried, or to have too much to do?"

But, there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late, from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day, that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris, that we have actually a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where is Manette?"

"Here he is!" said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you to-night. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was! My tea, my dear? Thank ye. Now, come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off,

as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there, held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through

the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking waggon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past,

bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then: so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went, with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but, when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One hundred and five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet

within. There was a heap of old feathery wood ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop!—Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette," said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the wormeaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said, wrathfully, to the turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you!"

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard: seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop-keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hôtel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was

a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down—down on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville where the governor's body lay—down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder?" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheavings of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high over head: all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts,—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For,

they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

RICE.

THE sun had set heavily behind a range of low hills topped with mango topes, after one of those oppressively hot days known only in India during the dry season. The sky was of a deep coppery hue, without one fleecy cloud to relieve its intensely fiery sameness. Not one of the parched leaves in the jungle moved; nor did there appear to be a single living creature for miles, save myself, as I rode slowly towards a little seaport town in Western India. The season had been a very trying one for the natives, nearly all their grain crops in that part of the continent having perished for want of the usual periodic supply of moisture.

In the opening of the monsoon the rain had fallen very heavily, had swollen the streams, filled the few imperfectly formed bunds or reservoirs to overflowing, and these, not sufficiently strengthened and mostly out of repair, giving way, had flooded the entire country for many miles, and, when the season of drought arrived, were of course empty. Deprived of the ordinary means of irrigating their lands, the ryots had beheld with dismay the setting in of an unusually hot and dry season. The grain crops had indeed come up after a fashion, but rapidly fell away before the hot blast of the sirocco months, and left the bewildered villagers without the means of support.

In many of the villages through which I passed I had not seen half a dozen inhabitants; and, the few I had seen, appeared emaciated to the last degree. Hunger was stamped on their haggard countenances, children lay exhausted and dying at the doors of some of the miserable huts. All work appeared to be abandoned. Fields lay sterile, burnt up by the scorching heat; gardens, with a few exceptions, were withered and brown, as blasted by lightning; the nullahs were quite dry; the small rivers crept sluggishly over their pebbly beds with scarcely sufficient water to keep themselves moving. The roads were strewn with dead cattle; and, not unfrequently, with human corpses, over whom scores of birds of prey were hovering, to whom this season of affliction was an unexpected boon.

Passing through these scenes in the country, I was prepared for what I beheld in the town. The same deep lines of hunger were stamped upon the countenances; but, unlike the inhabitants of other places, the people were flocking through the streets in sad and melancholy throngs, in one direction. Mothers were dragging their children after them, scarcely able to support their own tottering steps. Fathers were passing outwards with uncertain haste, carrying young squalid infants in their arms.

As I drew near the sea-beach the eager throngs appeared to thicken, and looks of startled excitement in their faces told of some import-

ant event expected to take place. The sea-washed shore was crowded with thousands of emaciated creatures standing, squatting, reclining, kneeling, in every conceivable posture and attitude; but all gazing in one direction—seaward.

Following the direction of their gaze, I beheld in the offing a small schooner. Her sails were scarcely filled by the sluggish evening breeze, and her progress was so slight as scarcely to form a ripple upon the face of the calm sea. No sound was heard amidst all the gazing multitude save the soft tread of new comers upon the sandy beach. These were absorbed in the one great idea—preservation of life. Food was in the schooner, and O how each starving wretch longed for its approach!

The dark coppery sky became duller and fainter in colour until the grey of evening, and then the leaden tint of night absorbed all other shades. Still the silent multitude waited anxiously on the sea-beach, hoping, but vainly, to feast their sunken eyes upon the welcome vessel and her blessed cargo. Never before was ship so longed for.

Some hour or two after nightfall a heavy splash was heard not far from shore, and lights were visible flitting about above the water's level. The small craft had anchored, and her crew were loading their boat with a supply of the staff of their life—rice. No sooner was the quick, short plash of the oars heard, than hundreds of the crowd rushed to the water's edge. Some waded out to their necks; others swam boldly towards the boat, clung to it, and tried to spring into it and pounce upon the longed-for food.

How many miserable wretches died that night by drowning, or by eating ravenously of the raw grain as they tore it from the half-opened bags, I know not. I shall not easily forget the scene I witnessed. The boat's crew had a hard struggle to bring their little cargo to the shore, so pressed were they by the hungry mob. The excited forms of the sailors, struggling by torchlight with hundreds of famished ryots, the latter falling over each other and desperately striving for only a handful of the coveted grain; the few fortunate ones crouching down on the sands, hoping to swallow the stolen food unobserved; but soon, set upon by others, lost half upon the shore.

Again and again this sad scene was enacted: fresh boat-loads were landed until all had partaken of the treasured gift, by which time it was far on towards morning. Next day a guard was formed to protect the landing; the cargo was stored in a pukka building, and distributed. Of the aftercourse of events I know nothing, as my duties called me to a distant part of the country; but I have reason for believing that there was a vast amount of suffering after that time. Private charity did much; public aid did not a little; but how was it possible to feed an entire nation for months until the next crop could be got in? It could not be done. It was not done. Half the people died before the next harvest time.

Rice is to Orientals what every other descrip-

tion of food is to Europeans. It is their bread, their potato, their meat, their all. They know of no substitute for it. When it fails them, they starve. Admirably adapted to the soil and climate of the East, rice in many varieties may be found growing from Japan to the east coast of Africa. It is found flourishing also in the West Indies, in some parts of South America, and in the southern states of the American Union. It is certainly not too much to say that this article forms the staple food of two-thirds of the human family. Yet, enormous as is the extent of land under rice cultivation, great as is its value to the mass of the people, we do not find that in any single respect the growers of it have modified in the least degree the system of culture pursued in the days of Moses and the Prophets. The same rude, fragile implements, the same scratching of the surface of the ground, the same irrigation, the same barbarous harvesting, prevail now that were the style and fashion of the ryots of King Porus.

In one respect it would doubtless be no easy task to improve upon the system of the rice-growers of the year "one." Their extensive irrigation works for storing and supplying water in dry seasons are so essential, that no ryot would think of sowing his seed if he could not count upon an artificial supply, failing plentiful showers.

In eastern countries where manures are almost unknown, and where such a process as deep ploughing is unheard of, water is the one great fertiliser. It is seldom, indeed, that more than one crop in the year is taken from the same soil, though in favourable localities, and with plenty of water at hand, two harvests may be secured. Generally speaking, a crop every other year, and not uncommonly once in three years, will be the rule; the land in the mean time growing up in coarse grass, on which cattle is grazed.

There can scarcely be imagined a more uninviting picture than a wide expanse of country in any part of India lying fallow after rice cultivation. Deprived of irrigation, the soil has a parched, exhausted, barren appearance, not unlike Romney marshes in the midst of summer, or some southern moors deprived of their stunted vegetation. Hedges are altogether unknown; the sole boundaries of the various patches of rice-land are narrow channels cut in the soil, with large stones or a bamboo placed here and there to mark the termination of each cultivator's holding.

A month previous to the fall of rain, the Hindoo brings out his buffaloes and his queer little old-fashioned wooden instrument, that looks so very like anything in the world but what it is—a plough. The cattle are none of the strongest, the soil is none of the stiffest, and it is only necessary to scratch little furrows in the ground at right angles to each other, to enable the ryot to carry on his culture. At length the rain begins to fall, and the dry sandy clods of weedy soil are saturated, and assumes something more of the appearance of cultivation. Then, when another earth-scratching has taken place, and a "lucky

day" has been named by the priest of the nearest temple, the grain is scattered broadcast; after which the simple harrowing takes place. This is effected by a large flat board, or the bough of a large tree, to which, in order to impart the necessary weight and effect, a heavy stone is secured; or perhaps one or two of the ryot's children may be seated upon it.

To any one not accustomed to this style of agriculture, the whole process appears absurd in the extreme. But in the course of a very few days the sense of the ridiculous will be lost in astonishment, at the rapid and very regular vegetation which appears after the early falls of rain. Another shower and a day of sunshine, and behold that wide expanse of sterile, forbidding country is stretched before the spectator a brilliant sheet of lovely green.

From the first growth of the young rice ears, the progress to maturity is always in proportion to the abundance of the water supply, natural or artificial. From three to seven months, but more frequently four months, is all that is required to grow and ripen this crop; the return from which is from twenty to eighty fold. In spite of the simplicity of the process, and the rapid growth and large returns, the rice cultivator in most parts of British India is rarely free from debt. Once in the hands of the Mahagrin, or money-lender, he can seldom hope to escape. The exactions, too, of the Zemindars, or landowners, are of themselves quite sufficient to impoverish a class of men whose ignorance and simplicity render them an easy prey.

When we reflect that, out of the twenty-two or three millions of annual revenue raised in British India, from fifteen to sixteen millions are the produce of the land culture, we can at once see how important is this great staple of industry.

Amidst populous districts, or on the banks of rivers, or near seaports, the ryot finds a ready sale for his produce at prices which in most ordinary times should leave him a liberal profit over all outlay; but, in more remote parts, where roads and intercommunication are scanty, a superabundant yield is not unfrequently a positive loss. Without the means of finding other markets for his crop, he is compelled to sacrifice it at the ruinously low rate a year of plenty entails; for the Mahagrin must be paid forthwith, and there is no alternative but to dispose of his grain at the rate of the day. In like manner these remote places suffer in proportion during seasons of great scarcity, at which times—and these frequently occur—it is impossible to procure food in sufficient quantities: so that whole provinces are laid waste by famine as completely as though a pestilence had swept over the land.

In Europe there are but a few varieties of rice procurable. In the producing countries there are scores: indeed, every island in the Eastern seas, every province and territory, enjoys some peculiar varieties not elsewhere met with. These may in a general way be classed under two great divisions: the field, or wet rice—the

cultivation of which I have already endeavoured to describe—and the hill, or dry rice, grown on the slopes or summits of hills, and without careful irrigation.

The yield of this latter is very small, and is only produced on soil which would scarcely grow any other grain, and by villagers of the most limited means. But hill-sides are frequently made to produce the heaviest crops of wet rice in many parts of the East when the means of irrigation are at hand, and when the soil to be worked is of suitable character. In such cases the whole side of the hill to be cultivated is cut into terraces, into the topmost of which water is conducted; whence it flows to the terrace-field below, and so on until it reaches the base.

The ground in these instances is dug up and not ploughed, for want of sufficient space; but the produce is fully as great as in any ploughed land. These terraces, when in full verdure, present a most strikingly picturesque appearance, rising often to the topmost summit of rather lofty hills. Indeed, in almost any position, a succession of fields of half-grown rice, forms one of the loveliest scenes that can be imagined. The soft brightness of its tropic green is so enchanting, and offers such a strong contrast to the clumps of yellow bamboos about it, and the brilliant blue above, that it excels anything of the kind that can be met with in colder regions.

For hundreds of miles along the banks of the principal rivers in India the eye rests upon continuous tracts of rice; and large is the up-country trade in this article, and vast the fleet of up-country boats required to carry it to the cities and ports of the low country. Some of these rice lands occasionally encounter strange adventures during the heavy floods which periodically swell the Ganges and the Burhampootra into rolling, resistless seas. Bursting from their wonted bounds, and cutting for themselves new channels, these mighty rivers often detach entire fields, and sweep them away on their turbulent waters, carrying with them cattle, men, huts, and trees, to deposit them miles down the rivers at any sharp angles or narrow bends.

In some part of India, but especially in Lower Scinde, there is a peculiar description of rice cultivation, unknown, I believe, to any other part of the world. It is known amongst the Scindians as the Bhull-rice culture, from its being carried on upon what are termed "bhulls." These lands are neither more nor less than alluvial deposits washed down by the freshets of the rivers, and left by them to form islands of soft quagmire at the low summer tides, along either side of the debouchures of these streams into the ocean. At the mouths of the Indus there are hundreds of these bhulls, varying in extent from one to fifty acres. During ordinary tides, for five or six months in the year, they will have a surface three or four feet above the tide level, composed to that depth of extremely soft mire. This will be surrounded, by the Zemindars who lay claim to them, by low mud banks

sufficiently strong to keep out any ordinary rise of the tide, which is there perfectly salt, except during the season of the freshets.

These bhulls are rendered fertile by the inundation of the sea, which usually sweeps over them, burying them from the sight during the first three months of the year. The sea at that time retiring, is banded or walled out, and the mud thus fertilised is prepared for sowing. The ryots put off to the bhulls in canoes, swimming behind them the buffaloes required for treading the soft mass of soil, to plough which would be impossible, even if requisite. Carrying a flat basket of seed on his back, the ryot crawls along the slimy face of the ground, previously gone over by a well-trained buffalo, led by a child, also crawling. To walk on the soft treacherous mass would be impracticable; the sower, therefore, with his seed, half crawls, half swims, along this jelly-like surface, dropping, as he goes, a seed or two into each foot-print of the buffalo, making no attempt to cover it, which, indeed, is not necessary. The heat and moisture combined quickly cause the grain to germinate, and in a week or two these sea-fields are green with waving corn blades. The salt water at ordinary high tides rises nearly to the surface of the low embankments, and the bright green fields seen at a distance, as it were, floating on the ocean, wear a most singular appearance. When the spring freshets set down the river sufficiently strong to fling back the salt water, and rise to the level of the mud dykes, openings are made in them to allow the fresh water to cover the young crops and give additional fertility to the soil. As these freshets subside, the water is permitted to escape, the apertures are again closed, and the rice is left to arrive at maturity.

A harvest-home amongst the bhulls of Scinde is a remarkable ceremony. The ryots put off to the bhull-lands in boats, and launch themselves, with their long knives, to gather in the harvest, upon rafts made of light dry sticks and bundles of straw, or dried grass firmly tied together. At that season the water is generally high over the embankments, and little more than the upper parts of the ripe corn can be seen above the surface of the sea. The ryots, therefore, are compelled to paddle about with their sickles, and sometimes swim with their loads to the large boats waiting at a distance for the harvest crop. When all is cut, the long line of boats, canoes, and rafts make for the land with loud shouts, beating of tom-toms, and waving of flags, ending their labours with a feast.

The fact of the large consumption of rice in many European countries speaks highly for it as a useful addition to the vegetable food of the world. Since the first famine in Ireland brought the cheap East India rices into notice in the West, the consumption of the grain has gone on steadily increasing until it now reaches the enormous total of from 70,000 to 80,000 tons yearly. The whole of this vast importation of rice is not, however, for purposes of food.

There are some inferior descriptions of the

grain, such as those from Arracan, Java, and other places, which, though cheap and well cleaned, are not suitable for culinary purposes. These are taken in large quantities for grinding into flour, and employed by the manufacturers of cotton goods to impart tenacity to the threads whilst weaving.

Great quantities of starch of very fair quality are prepared from East India rice; and recently, it has been used in the distillation of spirits, thus tending to economise the employment of wheat and other European cereals.

BUYING A PRACTICE.

How to begin Practice? is a mighty question to young medical men who have advanced no farther than to the diploma, the first baiting-place upon the highway of ambition. If the world be as it used to be, there are brave hearts among those young men, covering noble aspirations under careless chatter; cherishing sacred dreams of future homes under an affectation of a worldliness that satisfies their comrades and strikes awe into their juniors. If the world be not changed, these young men, simple and warm-hearted, are the chosen worms of certain hard-beaked birds, who generously offer them a place in their own nests, who snap them up and convey them to those nests on terms of advantageous partnership. The worms are introduced for a consideration. I myself was once a worm in a rook's nest; we were Mr. Rook and Mr. Worm, surgeons, many years ago. But in my case the worm was lucky—wriggled out, had a bad fall, and a complete recovery.

If I am not quite an obsolete croaker, and if the world should have still a pinch of the old leaven in it, give me liberty to speak. There is a dear, kind-hearted, blundering old public, on the one hand; there is, on the other hand, a battalion of brave young aspirants. As a friend to the one and to the other party let me try to bring them fairly face to face.

Since rogues are to be mentioned, let me set out by declaring an assured belief that there are a thousand reasonably honest men to set against every rascal in the universe. Every man is indeed some sort of cheat; but the great majority of men err only by falling into pits and over snares; those are the few, who dig and spread them. We shall discuss medical rogues, and, therefore, let me for myself remember to how many of the men I honour and love most in the world, and have most reason to love and honour, physic is meat and drink. What noble toil, what sacred aspiration, what self-denial, what divine soul of charity, have I seen animating men of the prescription and the pestle! Well, I know by the old doctors what the young doctors—a still better educated race—will be. But if the world be not changed, the race of rooks is active in its search for worms. The recruit marching to join an army has to press through a rascal crowd of camp-followers before he reaches its main body, and will guard his pocket in their company. There are underground workers in

every profession. Those of the medical faculty work in two mines—public credulity and private innocence: the innocence of the young men who wander up and down, eager to learn how to begin practice. These young men may be worked most profitably. They are small capitalists, eager to find other men's pockets in which to place their money: happy to pay bank-notes for flourishes on paper. They are beset, therefore, with accommodating offers. What shall they believe? How shall they protect themselves, and avoid buying sorrow for the bright young partners of their hope with whom they exchange confidential details and suggestions through the country post—good little girls, who shall be doctors' wives some day?

Be shrewd, now, for your own sake, little girl, and lend the help of your bright eyes for the discovery of Doctor Corvus whenever he is at hand. He is your lover's demon, as you are his angel, and the tempter comes in many shapes. That true-hearted young fellow, whose diploma you have read with reverence, is quite a Faust for learning, and no Mephistopheles would make him wish for any other prize of beauty than yourself. But there is a Mephistopheles who finds him eager for a nest to take you to, ambitious and self-confident as youth should be. He it is who may fly away with the young man into a crow's-nest. Be a wise maiden, and keep watch.

I knew a clever youth—knew him because a day of sorrow opened to my sight for a few hours the depths of his warm heart—and when he had laboured much and suffered something, he was looking for his place in life. When should he, Biceps, begin practice? There was the usual little woman down in the country, writing the usual number of little notes; there was the lump of parental capital—an honest tradesman's entire earnings—to set up, in a profession for which he was competent. To Biceps, tenderly trained in a religious home, the tempter came, confessing that he was a scoffer. "There's only a thousand a year at Cheatenhall, expenses paid; but it's a large place where there are thousands to be humbugged. If you join me, we shall soon double the practice. Medical men take a great deal of solemn credit to themselves; but all these pills and draughts and mixtures really are for the most part humbug, and patients demand to be laboriously trifled with. Between ourselves, we are all of us humbugs. I profess only to be a man of the world, give people what they choose to pay for, and receive the benefit. I'm something of a betting man, I am ashamed to say, and have neglected practice rather to my hurt. Besides, I don't get the professedly religious people, who are a large body in Cheatenhall. If you stick to the work and go to church, you'll soon double the bulk of the day-book. Half of a thousand a year is not enough to live upon: but you know very well, as a man of the world, that two horses can pull a bigger load than one. However, I would advise you to take your time, if you think anything of our putting our horses together. Come

down for a few months as an assistant, see what the work is, and look at leisure through the books. It is easier to tie a knot, you know, than to unpick it." Biceps went to see for himself, and walked up and down Cheatenhall for weeks in spectacles provided for him by the tempter, who was always at his side. There was practice, there was money, there was unlimited room for expansion. Corvus did truly repel the religious world; while all his talk was preternaturally laden with that selfish wisdom which young men—especially when they are themselves generous and trustful—often erroneously suppose to be the atmosphere of commerce: "I want this man," thought Biceps, "to help me to make money. Surely he is the right sort of man to be safe with in a pounds-shillings-and-pence relation." So the bond was signed, and the rash student became the slave of his familiar. Corvus, of course, intercepted and retained partnership money; disappointing facts came out; Biceps toiled and hoped. Corvus dipped into a private and personal bankruptcy of his own, and having already sucked up his partner's capital, tested in the next place his borrowing power, by involving him in fresh expense and risk. Years have run by, and Biceps fights alone a weary battle, still living on hope, with a sister for his housekeeper. The pale little woman in the country still comforts him with little letters; sometimes he can escape to her for a chance day. And the years are flying, and the five hundred a year, on which one cannot live, is longed for as a dream of competence which two may yet survive to share together.

Be true to your hearts, men and maids! Defy whatever tempts you with a sneer, and make no compact with avowed dishonesty. It is not getting support from without in the sort of worldliness you fancy to be wanting in yourselves. The temper of each age is its own proper worldliness. Joy is the worldliness of childhood, hope of youth, prudence of age; each does its own work in its own time, when it lives faithfully in natural communion with the other two.

Anceps wrote sentimental poetry and physicked another man's paupers in the west, before he went north to expend his capital in partnership with a philanthropist. Dr. Corvus, of Smashley, what an honest man, was he! Substantial was his build, his hair was crisp and grey, he abjured fermented drinks, making amends to his system with butter and potatoes, his house was his own freehold and the best house in the place, his tongue was (if Anceps had but known that soon enough) his whole estate. He was a temperance orator, a benefactor of A. B.'s trusted adviser, C.'s forlorn hope, and the friend in need of D. He could talk jauntily to young Anceps about Avicenna, create an impression of much hidden knowledge in himself while springing the ears of the young dreamer with oil of flattery. "My practice," he said to the youth, "has been falling off for years. I have been established forty years in Smashley, and have done well; but a foolish desire to do what good I can in unprofessional ways causes

me to attend meetings and to be summoned frequently to London. I have withdrawn so much time from my practice that I shall be losing it unless I take a partner who will see that nothing is neglected. I am not wholly dependent on my profession, and I could not tie myself to any one who could not sympathise with my desires and be an intellectual friend. I do much hope that we shall come together. I liked you the first moment I saw you.

So Anceps yielded up his blood. The young fellow went to Smashley and began life as a working partner, while the benevolent familiar was in London, strewing blessings on his race, as he suggested. He was in reality spending the patrimony of Anceps in riotous enjoyment of the law-courts, upon which he had already wasted his own substance. For, among writs, subpoenas, attorney's costs, bailiffs, mortgages, and executions, this particular form of Corvus was at home. In his medical ledger there were many names; these had been all the wealthy and the honest people of the town, and there were still most of the rogues and paupers. There was only by the rarest chance ever a patient who paid money without compulsion, or was asked to pay less than four times an honest charge when finally by due process of law compelled. The weak point of the philanthropist was litigation. Some men love neighbours who will sit down with them to a rubber at whist: this sort of Corvus loved neighbours who would sit down with him—no matter for what stakes—to an action at law. A law-court was his gambling-house. He often won, and he had ruined many—ruined others even when he was himself a loser. When Anceps fell under his tempting, there were hidden behind the mask of the philanthropist the haggard lines of the long-ruined gamester. House and land were mortgaged, show of practice was a fraud; nobody warned the deluded youth, lest warning might be actionable. A little damsel, far away, doubted and hoped. The long-haired young doctor, if Nature had not made a fool of him had made one of himself; but alas! not for himself alone: also for the loving little heart that pined and sorrowed far away. Anceps became familiar with law procedure. He is grey, and lean, and broken—and the little girl is dead.

Forceps had money enough to buy "opening" after opening till all was spent. He had for his money three visits from Corvus, of whom he purchased: 1. A snug practice, with an open shop, which ceased to comfort him when he had eaten all the ginger lozenges that formed part of the stock in trade. 2. Partnership with a religious physician, who embezzled more than his share of the profits on the prospect of which Forceps married. 3. A nucleus, as it is called (a nothing which is paid for in the hope that it may grow to something), in a seaport town. He has ten children, and is medical adviser to the lighthouse. That was the nucleus, and the lighthouse has diffused none of its rays yet into his future. But Forceps is also surgeon to his parish, and receives the cost of the horse he

rides and of the drugs he gives in labour for the poor, with nothing for himself. His pains are his own, and he is left with them.

Forceps, I am sorry to say, found Corvus behind the mask of a high professional reputation. He and another youth joined capitals to pay the heavy price required for introduction to an eminent position. They never doubted that where fame was, there was honour also. A legal evasion made it possible for the distinguished Corvus to retain the cake that he had sold. The two young men were ruined utterly. Forceps died long since of a broken heart. His friend lives under a blue light in a little by-street of the London suburbs. The trim little lady of old who was to have graced his drawing-room is to be seen at eleven o'clock any morning in a dirty gown, with a lean first-born clinging to it; excusing, perhaps, her neglect of payment to the butcher at the door, or uttering complaint to the baker on the price of bread.

Deinceps had suspicion, but was eager. Promise was very good in Corvus; but, would he perform? Then said the tempter, "Another presses me; agree now, or the opening is lost to you." He agreed, and this good opening in life was lost to him indeed.

Broken fortune can be mended; but, only with time, and patience, and minute attention. It takes long labour rightly to cement together all the pieces of a vessel that was shattered in an instant by a single fall. Broken fortune may be replaced with different and better fortune, by many who have capital enough of energy within themselves. There is no ruin for the strong of heart; but all hearts are not strong.

Every young doctor knows that a bought practice is not often worth the money it has cost. Prosperous men are not commonly disposed to make away with half their livelihood, or all of it, for ready money. So lightly are the grounds of this exceptional proceeding inquired into by the mass of beginners anxious to secure a footing in the world, that there is a race of disreputable doctors who live chiefly on the sale of practices. They choose a place of independent settlement, scrape a few patients together, and then sell them. A marketable nucleus is made in about two years. It is then cashed, and another is begun. The scraps of earnings and the purchase-money, put together, make the income of these people. They are not people of great ability; they are not gentlemen; yet they can make what will be bought as good beginnings by men abler and more honourable than themselves. Honester men working with equal energy might possibly dispense with service of this sort. The capital spent on a doubtful introduction by another man whose good word is notoriously bought, might enable many a beginner to take independent ground, and give him time to lay his own foundations of success. Again and again the word of experience is heard from all the letters of the alphabet; "I could have done more for myself than Corvus ever did for me, had I relied on my own work and kept my capital for my own uses."

Of course there are medical practices sometimes honestly sold for reasons told to purchasers without reserve. Doctors grow old; and, when they retire, often would rather sell than give away their good-will. It is true that such doctors usually have medical friends, and such introductions are not often to be found soliciting the stranger in the public market. The like suspicion commonly attaches to the public auction of a right of walking in some dead man's shoes. Whenever the seller of such bargains has to look for a purchaser wholly beyond the circle of the men who know him, it is probable that he might fairly advertise his sale, although he never does, according to manner of some drapers, to be "in consequence of a failure."

For my own part—and that is the sum of my argument—I cannot imagine why sick people, and their friends, not looking for the best help of skill available in their behalf, suffer themselves to be passed from hand to hand as articles of traffic. Further, I have learnt to be sorry at the waste committed by a great many young doctors, who buy only a false position for themselves with money that would enable them to stand on their own ground, and prove the power that is in their knowledge if they resolutely bound it to an upright, generous, and active life.

DRIFT.

THE Inquisition's post mortem, or inquests after death, forming an unbroken series, extending from the reign of Henry the Third down to the twentieth year of the reign of Charles the First, at which period they were merged in the proceedings of the Court of Wards and Liveries, are among the most important of our national records. They furnish very valuable information on two topics peculiarly esteemed by Englishmen—property, and the line of descent. They are simply inquiries made after the death of all tenants in chief of the king, and their process runs as follows: The king issued his writ to his escheator for the province in which the death took place, commanding him to summon a jury, and institute an open and diligent inquiry into "what lands the deceased died seized of, in chief of the crown," "the day of his death," and the "name, degree of consanguinity, and age of the next heir." This inquiry was accordingly perfected in due form; and the escheator made his return into the Court of Chancery. A similar return, "by virtue of his office," and not requiring a writ, was also made into the Court of Exchequer, of which the escheator was an officer.

In connexion with the "inquisitions," are a set of documents entitled the "Probationes ætatis," or proofs of age, which originated under these circumstances: When the heir, having been a minor at the taking of the Inquisition on the death of his father or other relation, had attained his full age, he applied for "livery," or yielding up his lands out of the hands of his guardian. Before granting his application, the king required a "proof of age" to be rendered

for his royal information. By these "proofs of age" instructive, varied, and amusing glimpses into the domestic habits and lives of our ancestors are often given, and as in all evidences of the past, through the medium of very quaint language, one learns how similar the feelings, pursuits, follies, and virtues of bygone generations were to our own.

The following is a translated extract from one of these "proofs of age," made in the first year of King Henry the Fifth (1413), to establish the majority of William the son of John, who was the son of Sir William Boneville, knight; and the depositions of the witnesses are curious and remarkable, not only from the oddity of their disclosures, but for the unhesitating contradiction as to the particular fact of the date of the natal day, to which they are specially summoned to testify, running through the whole of their evidence. There is at least a fortnight's discrepancy between the two dates assigned by the various parties.

The first inquiry was made at Honiton on Tuesday Halloween (October 31st).

John Cokesdene, Nicholas Penerich, and William Hill, each of the age of 46 and more, sworn and examined upon the truth of the age of the aforesaid William Fitz John, say, and each of them, separately examined for himself, saith, that the aforesaid William Fitz John Boneville is of the age of 21 years and more, for that he was born at Shete, in the county of Devon, on the last day of August, in the sixteenth year of the reign of the Lord Richard the Second after the conquest, King of England, and baptised in the parish church of the same place, on the same day, about the hour of Vespers. And this they well know to be true, because the said jurors were elected on that day to make peace between two neighbours, it being a "Love day," and on that same day came a certain Lady Catherine, widow of Sir John Cobham, Knight, and wife of John Wyke, of Nynhyde, aunt to the said William Fitz John, riding on her way to Shete, thinking to be made the child's godmother, when a certain Edward Dygher, servant to Sir William Boneville, who was reputed to be half-witted, for that he was verbose and jocular, met her and asked her whither she was going? To whom she answered sharply, "Fool, to Shete to make my nephew a Christian man." Whereupon the said Edward, grinning, said to her, in his mother tongue:

"Kate, Kate,
Thereto by myn pate
Comystowe to late,

For the baptism of the child is over."

And she, mounting her horse in a passion, rode homewards in grave anger, swearing she would not see her sister, the mother of the said child, for half a year, unless she should be at the point of death; and all these things the jurors knew and saw.

William Hoderfield and Richard Damare, both of them of the age of 45 and more, sworn and examined, say and each of them saith, that the aforesaid William Fitz John was born at

Shete and baptised in the church there on the aforesaid last day of August, and is now of the age of 21 years and more. And this they know, because they were present in the church to hear Vespers at the time of the said baptism, which being over, a certain Walter Walsche, bailiff of Sir W. Boneville's manor of Stapleton, told his master that he had just finished the autumnalia, or autumn gathering, both at Stapildon and Sokke, and that he had brought him 400 lambs as the year's produce of the latter manor. Upon which the said Sir W. Boneville immediately gave the said child, so there and then baptised, 200 lambs (truly a useful present to a new-born babe); all which things the said William and Richard saw done. And so common report and the public voice proclaim throughout the country that the said Wm. Fitz John is of the age of 21 and more.

Thomas Bowys and Ralph Northampton, both 47 and more, sworn and examined, say, that they know the said William Fitz John to have been born and baptised at the time and place abovesaid, because they were in the church at the time of the baptism, and saw there three long torches burning, and two silver basins with two silver ewers, full of water; of which said Childe John Legge, then Abbot of Newenham, and Sir W. Boneville were godfathers, and a certain Agnes Bigode godmother. And the said abbot then gave the child a silver-gilt cup, of the value, as it was said, of 100 shillings, and 40 shillings of money told were in the cup, which, as it seemed to them, was fairer to the eye than any they had ever before seen.

The second inquiry was made at Shute (they so call it now), on June 9th in the 2nd year of Henry the Fifth (1414).

Andrew Rydon, aged 53 and more, sworn and examined, sayth "that William Fitz John Fitz William Boneville, was born at Shute, and baptised in the church there on the 12th day of August, in the 15th year of the reign of King Richard the 2nd;" and being asked and examined by the escheator how he knows this, says he knows it well, because on that day, and in that year, he came to that manor to speak with Sir William Boneville on divers matters pending between him and others, and as he entered the manor gates, he heard a woman's voice crying piteously, in English, "Lady, help, Lady, help," so harshly that he made off as quickly as he could into the church to escape hearing so dolorous a clamour, and there conversed with the said Sir William for the space of nearly an hour. And while they were thus talking, there came a certain woman, by name Beatrice, and told the said Sir William of his son's wife's delivery, saying, "Your daughter, blessed be God, and his most holy mother the Virgin Mary, has been well and graciously delivered, and has brought forth a male child." Whereupon Sir William gave her for the news of the birth one noble; and despatched one of his servants to fetch the Abbot of Newenham to help make the child a Christian man. All which things made such an impression on the said Andrew that he has never been

able to forget the day of the birth of the said William Fitz John Fitz William. William Atte Hulle, aged 80 years and more, being asked how he knows the said William Fitz John Fitz William to be 21 years old and more, says, he knows it well because that, long before the 15th year of Richard the 2nd, he was a servant of the said Sir William Boneville, being employed to carry his letters and deliver his messages everywhere within the Kingdom of England, under the hope of a good reward, which as yet, as it appears to him has been very long in coming, although the said Sir William has been in no respect deficient in fine promises. Sir William, on the 12th day of August, in the 15th year of King Richard the 2nd, at Shute, aforesaid, called him, saying, "Hasten with all the speed thou canst to the Abbot of Newenham, and say to him that John my son hath this day a son born unto him by his wife. Bid him therefore to come here with all speed to baptize the child, and delay not in thy journey, for by the soul of the true God I will repay thee." So he, the said William Atte Hulle, bore the message, and the same day returned to Shute in the abbot's train, and while waiting for the expected reward of his labour, in the church there, he saw the abbot baptising the child, to whom the godfathers and godmother gave the name of William. Whereupon the said Sir William gave him 20s., and other recompense except food and clothing had he none, nor has he ever since received any in any shape from the said Sir William Boneville. It appears to him pretty evident that William Fitz John Fitz William in the said writ named, was born on the 12th August in the 15th year of Richard 2nd.

Thomas Bower, aged 48 and more, sworn and examined, remembers the said William Fitz John Fitz William to have been born on the 12th August, in the 15th year of Richard 2nd, because on that day he came to shute with 12 bows, ordered for hunting, as had been agreed upon by Sir William Boneville and himself, and showing them to the said Sir William, said, "Behold, sir, here are your goods." "Keep quiet a little ('custodi quiete parvum')—here's Latin with a vengeance, and a strong touch of the 'Dog', for I am just now busy about making a Christian man: come to the church and thou shalt see:" and then and there the said Thomas Bower saw the child of John, the son of the said William, which had been born just before his arrival, baptised by the name of William. Which sacrament over, the said Sir William gave to a gentleman then staying at the manor, a bow, and paid the said Thomas 40s. Whereby it appears to him certain that William Fitz John Fitz William was 21 years old on the 12th August, in the 1st year of Henry the Fifth.

Although it is not the case in this particular instance, yet in almost all of these "proofs of age," the facts sought to be established are sworn to by one at least of the deponents as having been fixed in his memory by some accident which befel him on his way home from the

baptism of the child, mostly consisting of tumbles from horseback, whereby his legs or arms suffered severely. Accordingly, I think it is quite fair to assume from these premises, that christening parties then, as now, were merry parties, and that more caudle, wine, and nut-brown ale occasionally mounted into the heads of the guests, than was altogether consistent with the steadiness of their seats or the safety of their persons.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

LIKE dreary prison walls
The stern grey mountains rise,
Until their topmost crags
Touch the far gloomy skies:
One steep and narrow path
Winds up the mountain's crest,
And from our valley leads
Out to the golden West.
I dwell here in content,
Thankful for tranquil days;
And yet, my eyes grow dim,
As still I gaze and gaze
Upon that mountain pass,
That leads—or so it seems—
To some far happy land,
Known in a world of dreams.
And as I watch that path
Over the distant hill,
A foolish longing comes
My heart and soul to fill,
A painful, strange desire
To break some weary bond;
A vague unuttered wish
For what might lie beyond!
In that far world unknown,
Over that distant hill,
May dwell the loved and lost,
Lost—yet beloved still;
I have a yearning hope,
Half longing, and half pain,
That by that mountain pass
They may return again.
Space may keep friends apart,
Death has a mighty thrall;
There is another gulf
Harder to cross than all;
Yet watching that far road,
My heart beats full and fast;—
If they should come once more,
If they should come at last!
See, down the mountain side
The silver vapours creep;
They hide the rocky cliffs,
They hide the craggy steep,
They hide the narrow path
That comes across the hill,—
Oh, foolish longing cease,
Oh, beating Heart, be still!

THE SACK OF PERUGIA.

I.

THE news of the victory of Magenta set the Papal States in a sudden blaze, like the falling of a spark on powder, and one city after another throughout the Legations and the March of Ancona rose as if by signal against the Papal rule. Bologna sounded the note of insurrection and defiance first. The cities of the Romagna, though weaker and nearer the tyrant's arm,

followed the contagious example in rapid succession. Lastly, brave old Perugia, sitting on her oak-embowered Etruscan hill, looking over the storied waters of Thrasimene, dared to throw in her lot with her sister cities.

On the 14th of last June the people of Perugia, assembling in the great square, decided that they would no longer obey or acknowledge the Pontifical government. This facility of combination and spontaneous initiation is a very curious and noteworthy peculiarity in the character of the people inhabiting the ancient municipal cities of Italy. Having its root in the social forms of ante-Christian, and even, in many cases, of ante-Roman civilisation, it has, in a wonderful degree, survived all that has in these latter centuries so strongly tended to kill it, and still crops out to the surface whenever any "fault" in the monotonous dead-weight of despotic rule gives it the least opportunity.

On that bright June morning the city of Perugia was represented in the great square by a numerous but perfectly orderly concourse of persons belonging to every class of society. The crowd was at first nearly silent, but broke out into cries of "Viva Italia!" "Viva la guerra!" "Viva Vittorio Emanuele!" as soon as the grave and dangerous determination to rise against the Pontifical government was understood to be definitively adopted. This determination was forthwith calmly and respectfully intimated to the Pope's delegate; who, having consulted the officers of such troops as were in the fortress, at once declared that he had no means of resisting the popular will, and demanded to be allowed to retire from the city with his soldiers. This was immediately conceded on the part of the citizens; and one of the members of the provisional government, which had been named by popular acclamation, accompanied him to the gate through the crowded but, while he was passing, perfectly silent streets. The creatures of the government, such as directors of the secret police, spies, and soldiers, left the city with the delegate, not only unmolested, but provided with a thousand crowns for the expenses of their journey. The authorities in thus leaving the city did not hand over the government, or any of the means of carrying it on, to their successors. On the contrary, they endeavoured to make the maintenance of civil order impossible by carrying away with them all documents and accounts of the tribunals, tax-gatherers, and other public offices. Even the archives of the registry-office and those of the keeper of mortgages were thus removed.

All that represented the Papal government, and, indeed, almost all the framework of civil society, thus marched quietly out of the dark-browed and frowning gateway, and down the picturesque oak-grown hill on which the Etruscans, after their fashion, placed their city; and Perugia was left to herself to meditate on the probable consequences of the step she had taken, and to manage her own affairs for herself as best she might.

II.

AWAY to the southward, some twenty miles behind the hill-tops and the oak-woods the little town of Foligno harboured the delegate, the police directors, the spies, and the soldiers; the thousand crowns journey-money so generously bestowed by the insurgent citizens having carried them no further. Great, they knew, would be the rage in Rome, and fierce the desire for vengeance among the priests.

Meanwhile, brave little Perugia was very unfavourably circumstanced for defending herself. The population of eighteen thousand souls had previously sent out the flower of its youth to fight for the good cause in the plains of Lombardy. Eight hundred volunteers from Perugia had joined the forces of Victor Emmanuel. They were fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French Emperor's troops as his allies. But the hopes of Italy were then high. If Perugia were trampled in the dust, Italy was being delivered. And the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which prompted the Perugians scarcely to advert to the defencelessness of their position (the fact is not even alluded to in the statement of the provisional government) is one striking specimen of the community of feeling and true brotherhood with which Italy has regarded this struggle, every place having cheerfully accepted for the sake of all whatever portion of the burden and the work fell to her share.

The first attempts of the enemy which the revolted city had to meet were underhand temptations to treason. But unity of feeling was too great, every man's heart was too truly in the cause, and mutual confidence was too complete, for any danger to arise from this source. A well-known supporter of the Papal power, one Cavaliere Sgariglia, was found in Perugia, with private letters and public despatches from the authorities at Foligno, endeavouring to induce some of the provisional government to secure private advantages to themselves by betraying the popular cause. He was simply admonished, and warned to quit the city within a few hours. The Baron Danzetta, one of the provisional government, received a letter from Foligno with advantageous offers if he would proclaim a counter-revolution in the Pope's favour, and threats in case of his refusing to do so. He immediately showed the letter to his colleagues, who published it. The Papal government have declared, since Europe has begun to cry shame upon their conduct, that a messenger was sent to Perugia from the Papal authorities to endeavour, before proceeding to extremities, to persuade the citizens to submit. It is one of many falsehoods put forth upon the subject. No messenger from the Pope's government, and no message, ever reached them. There was not even the ordinary summons to surrender before force was proceeded to. A certain advocate Lattanzi came to Perugia three hours before the fight began, and visited the members of the giunta, lamenting over the impending calamities, but expressly declaring, that he was not the bearer of any message from

the Pope's government, and admitting that resistance was now inevitable. While these things were going on—and it was well known that similar tentatives were being made—so sure were the Perugians of each other, and of the general loyalty to the cause, that the secrecy of the post was not once violated.

It is the honest boast of Perugia, that, during a week of deep anxiety, while the city was altogether without police of any kind, the public peace was broken by one single fact alone. The gaolers of the city gaol, who were of course creatures of the deposed delegate, had been suffered to remain in the exercise of their functions. These men, in the hope of throwing the city into disorder, permitted the criminals in their charge to escape. But the citizens, with spontaneous promptitude hastening to prevent the possibility of disturbance, soon succeeded in recapturing and leading back to prison the whole of them.

The first three or four days of freedom had passed in Perugia when it was learned with certainty that a force of two thousand two hundred men was marching from Rome against the city. It became necessary to ascertain what means of defence the city could muster, and whether it were the firm intention of the people to commit themselves to the chances of a struggle. The result of examination into the first question was very far from encouraging. They had no artillery. Eighty-three fowling-pieces were got together, and the government was in possession of thirty-nine military muskets. Ammunition, moreover, was scarce, even for this number of pieces. The government succeeded in obtaining four hundred muskets, and proportionable ammunition, from Florence. Men were far more abundant than weapons. Notwithstanding the absence of eight hundred of the best soldiers, the citizens thronged to the lists opened for volunteers for the defence. At the same time, to test the general feeling, an address to Victor Emmanuel was circulated, imploring him to accept the dictatorship of the city. This address received, in less than one day, the signatures of two thousand substantial citizens, affixed, while, as they well knew, the Papal soldiers were on their march to Perugia; a number which, as the members of the giunta truly remark in their statement, may be fairly considered, when the absentees, women, children, and illiterate persons are deducted, to represent the vote of the entire city.

With the miserable means at their disposal, therefore, resistance was finally determined on, and such plan as the desperate circumstances of the case permitted, was arranged for defending as best they might their circuit of six or seven miles of very imperfectly defensible wall. During the last four-and-twenty hours of the week a dark rumour had been creeping about the city that Perugia, if taken, was to be given up to the soldiery for sack and pillage. The report, however, was universally discredited. Bad as the Pope's subjects knew his government to be, it appeared to them incredible that such

a monstrous enormity should be intended. That their rebellion would be put down by force of arms was what they well knew they must expect, if their sovereign felt himself strong enough to venture on doing it. But that the head of the Christian Church should, in the face of Europe, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, calmly determine to deliver over a city, in which there must in any case be at least women and children innocent of all offence against him, to the unspeakable horrors of saccage, appeared to the citizens of Perugia wholly incredible.

During the night, however, of the nineteenth, two deserters from the Papal army reached the city; and these men confirmed the terrible report. At last, a few hours before the struggle began, the provisional government learnt that the incredible horror was but too true. The fact that the Papal government had promised the vile horde of mercenaries, the refuse of all nations, that composed its so-called Swiss troops, the sack of the city, was communicated to a gentleman representing the French government, by telegraph, from a person in high authority at Rome. The giunta in their statement refer to the telegraph registers for confirmation of this fact. It was afterwards known that, on a portion of the troops refusing to march against Perugia, the formal promise of being allowed to sack the city was held out to them as an inducement.

With the knowledge of this horrible fate before them, it is easy to imagine how the hours of that summer night must have passed in Perugia, and with what sort of feelings husbands and fathers went to their stations at the gates and walls on the morning of the twentieth.

III.

It was nearly three in the afternoon of the twentieth before the Papal soldiers reached the city. They had already on their way given a foretaste of their devoted zeal in the execution of the work committed to them. About three miles from the city there is a little hamlet at the bridge over the Tiber, called San Giovanni. There, the house of an aged man who had given no sort of offence to the government was broken into, one of his servants killed, another wounded, the house plundered, and the wine in the cellars distributed among the troops. A fine of two thousand crowns was demanded of him, and he was dragged off to prison.

Having thus tasted blood, and being heated with wine, they came on to the suburbs of the city. There was there a large woolen manufactory, which was first sacked and then burned. The people, who saw their means of earning their bread being thus destroyed, would have attempted to put out the fire, but they were thrust back and bid to "let it burn." Various dwelling-houses and shops were plundered, and their owners murdered in the same suburb. The statement of the provisional government gives in each case the name and description of the victim. Here,

a blacksmith and his wife killed; there, a nun in prayer shot through her two uplifted hands; here, a mother bayoneted to death, and her daughter insulted while striving to stanch the mother's wounds. In the same suburb there is a Benedictine monastery, whose inmates were known or suspected to be favourable to the popular cause, or not sufficiently active on the other side. The convent was sacked, every atom of furniture smashed, the archives were dispersed, and a valuable library was utterly destroyed. Several monks were killed, and the abbot's cross and chain were snatched from his neck.

Then came the attack on the walls. For three hours some five hundred citizens kept the invaders at bay, but the conflict was too unequal. Ammunition failed, and not even despair could enable five hundred men to beat off two thousand two hundred. The secretary to the corporation, Giuseppe Porta, was then sent forth waving a white flag above his head, and bearing the surrender of the city. But, he was shot down with his truce flag in his hand before he had advanced many yards from the gateway. His clothes were dragged off, his body was disfigured with needless bayonet thrusts, and the corpse lay by the roadside for the next twenty-four hours. It was but the fitting prelude to the atrocities performed that evening in the hapless city. The members of the giunta in their published statement declare that they have not attempted to give a complete account of the massacres committed in cold blood, and of other more indescribable atrocities perpetrated by the unrestrained troops. Yet the long list they have put on record is too sickening in its monotonous repetitions of barbarities for reproduction in these columns.

A girl flying, half-crazed with terror, from the scene of her mother's murder, is pursued and dragged back by two officers, who compel her to serve them with food, while the bleeding corpse of her mother is lying by. A dress-maker's house, in which there were some six or seven girls at work, and where there was not a single man on the premises, was broken into, and, while the trembling girls threw themselves on their knees and offered whatever little money or ornaments they had, they were twice fired on, and one was left dead and a second was desperately wounded. At the house of one noble family, the soldiers filled many carts with booty to be carried off to the barracks of the gendarmerie. Even the hospital was not spared. More than fifty shots were fired at random among the beds, while the sick strove to save themselves by dragging themselves under the bedsteads. A crippled beggar at a street corner and a poor idiot staring at the scene were slaughtered. At the principal hotel in the city the landlord—a man who had never meddled with politics in any way—went down to his house door to explain that his hotel contained only passing travellers who could have nothing to do with the rebellion of the city. He was shot dead on his door-sill, his house was sacked from

garret to cellar, and an American family, who chanced to be there, with great difficulty escaped with their lives, at the cost of passing the night hidden in a sort of closet. Every atom of property belonging to them was carried off or destroyed. This family escaped from the doomed city, to Florence, and their narrative was one of the earliest certainties we had of the details of the sack. The ladies of this family were got out of the city blindfolded, to save their eyes from the horrible sights that must otherwise have met them as they passed through the streets. Yet one of them, a person in advanced years, had suffered so severely from the shock her nervous system had undergone, that it was many days before she recovered her usual state of mind. Throughout the city there were wounded men bayoneted a second time, many inoffensive and unarmed persons were slain, several old men, numbers of women; so that many more lives were lost in the sack than in the contest.

On other most frightful violences and hidden crimes we will be silent; for it is better to bury them in oblivion, lest the publication of them be an additional infliction on the victims.

These scenes continued without intermission for many hours; frightened crowds, as the night fell, begging mercy from the tired executioners, while it is testified that officers were heard to urge them to their work with the cry, "Kill! kill!" At length the slaughtering ceased, the soldiers retired to the barracks provided for them, and the city imagined that its punishment was over. But more murders and fresh robberies were committed the following day. The Papal troops slept upon their excesses, and arose refreshed to recommence them. And, when these were done, the city, placed under military rule, was ordered to illuminate in sign of rejoicing and gratitude; and it was intimated by the commander-in-chief to the citizens, that if the illuminations were not abundant, he could not answer for what might happen from the indignation of his troops!

IV.

It is to be hoped—and indeed can hardly well be doubted—that the consequences of the deeds done at Perugia on the 20th and 21st of June by the court of Rome, will be larger and wider spreading than could be indicated in the pages of this journal. The consequences, which have to be told for the completing of this little narrative, are only those more immediate results which have filled Europe with astonishment and indignation even more profound than that caused by the news of the atrocity itself, and which have, not unbeneficially, served to bring home with undeniable force of evidence the full responsibility of the deed to its real authors.

It was, of course, expected that the Pontifical government would hasten to cast from it the odium and the infamy attaching to so horrible a tragedy. Many who still believed in the benevolence and mild virtues of the benignant Pío Nono felt compassion for the agony of grief and shame which would wring his paternal heart when he should learn the horrors done in

his name and by his agents. Even those who knew better than this—those who were instructed in the real spirit of the Apostolic government, and were skilled in sacerdotal nature—even those fully anticipated that, as usual in such cases, the blame would be laid on "orders exceeded," "ungovernable troops," "much to be regretted indiscretion of the military authorities," and so forth—the stereotyped phraseology of governments whose agents have faithfully executed atrocities of which they have not dared to face the infamy. But, tidings came that Rome not only avouched the deed, but approved and glorified it, and hastened to heap signal marks of its gratitude and approbation on the executors of it.

The official paper of the government announced to the world that "the Holy Father, in order to manifest to Colonel Schmid (the commander of the expedition) his very high satisfaction, has deigned to promote him to the rank of General of Brigade, and has commanded that due praise should be given to the troops who have taken part in this act (in questo fatto), and who have so distinguished themselves." The general accordingly issues an order of the day, in which he says, "Let all praise, then, be given to these brave soldiers, and may they be to us all, a noble and generous example!" A gratuity of six thousand crowns was furthermore distributed to these ruffians by their priestly paymasters, in addition to double pay and all the plunder of the city; and every man is to receive a medal bearing the effigy of the good Pío Nono in commemoration of his prowess.

Of course priestly defenders of the Pope and his counsellors have not been wanting on this as on every other occasion. The gist of what they say, is, that a sovereign must put down rebellion at any cost. Without adverting to the nature of the infamous rule which makes such rebellion a duty and a necessity, it may be answered that, if the position of a sovereign prince can, under any circumstances, force him to act as Rome has acted at Perugia, then, that circumstance alone is an abundantly sufficient reason why "CHRIST'S VICAR ON EARTH" should not hold such a blasphemous position.

PLINY MADE EASY.

THE Biblical proverb tells us that "in the multitude of counsel there is safety." If this be so, the Romans who lived in the first century of the Christian era, and studied the Natural History of Caius Plinius Secundus, ought never to have known a day's illness.

Pliny put no trust in the occult prescriptions of those whom he terms "the magicians," who worked by spells and charms, in contradistinction to the learned physicians, Celsus, Heraclides, Cleophrantus, Philistion, and others, who killed or cured, as at the present day—secundum artem. Nevertheless, like the traditional showman, Pliny allows his readers to take their choice of his collection, contenting

himself with wisely stigmatising that class of receipts as vain and empirical which are not recommended by legitimate authority.

As the effect that a story produces very much depends upon the manner in which it is related, I have thought that the singular remedies about to be cited cannot be more appropriately presented than in the quaint language employed by Dr. Philemon Holland, who, three years before the death of Queen Elizabeth, translated the Natural History of Pliny into the English vernacular; the more particularly, because those for whom he made the translation implicitly believed in the efficacy of the prescriptions thus newly set before them.

The "falling sickness," or epilepsy, to which Cæsar and Mahomet were subject, was a malady greatly feared by our own ancestors as well as by the antique Romans; but it was easy of cure, after the following fashion: "The braines of an asse first dried in the smoke of *certain leaves*" (there's the villany, though; what leaves?), "drunk to the weight of half an ounce every day in honied water, is good against the falling evil. Some give counsell to eat the heart of a black he asse, together with bread; but in any wise it must be done abroad in the open aire, and when the moon is but one or two days old at the most." But, without sacrificing asses, whether black or white, there were much simpler modes of proceeding. Philistion advises a decoction of the "wandering parsnep," or staphylinus; while Pliny himself observes that "there is a deepe and settled opinion among men" that the disease may be cured "if a man or woman do ordinarily take garlick with meat and drink;" a remedy sure to find favour in the south of France and in Spain. The juice of wild rue, the seed of "peniroidall," a cataplasm made of anise and parsley, the wild poppy beaten in a mortar and taken with white wine, a composite mixture of mustard, cucumber-juice, cummin, and figs, a spoonful of fennel-seeds at certain periods of the moon, a garland of violets, a drink made of thyme, a particular kind of "tadstole" boiled in wine, the vinegar of the squill, or sea onion, and a great variety of preparations of other herbs and roots, are all declared to be more or less efficacious. But, there were other remedies equally potent, though perhaps not so easily procured. For instance: The gall of a lion mixed with water, provided the patient, "so soon as he hath taken it, run a while for to digest the same;" the "bloud of a weazill" pulverised with snail-shells; the rough warts growing to the legs of mules, taken in oxymel; a stellion, or lizard, "rosted upon a wooden broch, or spit;" "the taile of a dragon bound within a buck or doe's skin to some part of the body with the sinews of a stag or hind." Or, if such a simple thing as a dragon were not come-at-able, then you might cure the falling sickness by tying "unto the left arme the little stones that be taken out of the craw or giser of young swallows." The reason for employing this remedy is thus stated: "For it is said that so

soon as the old swallow hath hatched her birds, she giveth them such little stones to swallow downe; but, in case this dose be taken in the very beginning, and that the first time that one is false of this disease there be given to him for to eate the young swallow that the dam hatched first" (how are you to find this out?), "he shall be delivered from it clearly, and never have more fits." The list is not quite exhausted: "Much talk there is also of a kite's liver, that it should be of singular operation to this effect, if it be eaten; as also of a serpent's old skin which she hath cast off, that it will do no lesse." Also, "the heart of a vulture stamp together with its own bloud, and given in drink three weeks together, worketh wonders in this disease. So doth the heart of the young bird of a vulture, if the patient weare it about his arme, or hang it at his necke; but then they give counsell" (I am afraid these are the magicians not much to be relied on) "to eat the flesh of the vulture itselfe, and especially when he hath eaten his ful of mans flesh."

Gout was a comparatively new ailment when Pliny wrote; yet, from the number of remedies resorted to against it, it must have made rapid progress. Pliny confesses that: "The time hath bin when it was no common a disease, as now it is." Nor is this much to be wondered at when we recollect the luxurious Roman suppers, and the "calices majores," which the hard drinkers filled to the brim with Chian, Alban, and Falernian wine. "It were very good," says Pliny, speaking of gouty subjects, "for the easement of their griefe, eftsoons to lay thereto frogs, fresh and new taken; mary, the best way, by the direction of Physitians, is to split them through, and so to apply them warme." In another place he recommends a broth made of the sea scorpion, "sodden with dill, parsley, coriander, and leeks, putting thereto oile and salt;" also "the broth or decoction of a tortoise" (turtle soup, which one would suppose to be a cause of gout, and not its cure); split mice, laid hot to the afflicted joint; dogs' gall, the place to be anointed with a feather; viper's grease, or the powder of a dried viper calcined in a new earthen pot; sheep's suet, tempered with the ashes of a dog's head; and a liniment made with "the ashes of the wild wood-mice mixt with hony." As in old cookery books you are taught how to dress the same meat "another way," so you may please yourself, according to Pliny, with half a hundred different anti-podagral prescriptions. "A Cerot made of Beares grease, Buls tallow" (identical unguents in modern times), "and wax, of each an equall quantity, is singular good for the gout in the feet;" and "some there are of this opinion, that the gout of the feet will be assuaged, in case a man cut off the foot of a quick hare and carrie it about him continually." We have known ladies who carried the foot of a hare continually about them, *not* because of the gout.

There are not many people now-a-days who, if they were laid up by a sudden fit of gout,

would think of consulting a Hyena; yet, according to Pliny, "there is not a wild beast of the field that the Magitians have so much in admiration as it: for they hold that in the Hyena itself there is a certaine magicall vertue, attributing a wonderfull power thereto, in transporting the mind of man or woman, and ravishing their senses so, as that it will allure them unto her very strangely." There was only one inconvenience in calling in a Hyena to prescribe, and that was rather personal to the Hyena; for, before it could do any good, its own life must be sacrificed. You were to take "the ashes of the Hyenes ridge-bone, the tongue and right foot of a seale, put thereto a Buls gall, seeth them all together and make a cataplasme thereof, spreading the same upon a piece of a Hyenes skin, and apply it accordingly, and you shall see how it will ease the pain of the gout!" A simpler mode of cure:—"The haire of yong boy-children which is first clipped off, is held to be a singular remedy for to assuage the painful fits of the gout, if the same be tied fast about the foot that is grieved; and generally their haire, so long as they be under fourteen yerres of age, caseth the said anguish, if it be applied unto the place."

I select a few of the most striking remedies for ague: "They say that the dust or sand wherein any hawke or bird of prey hath basked or bathed herselfe is singular good for the quartane ague, if the patient weare it in a linnen cloth, tied with a red thred. Item, the longest tooth in the head of a cole-black dog is very proper for this purpose. There is a kind of bastard wasps, which the Greeks call thereupon Pseudospheces, and ordinarilie they do flie alone, and not in troupes as others doe; which, if they be caught with the left hand, and hanged about the necke under the chin, do cure quartans, as some Magitians say: howbeit, others attribute this effect to one of these waspes, which a man saw first the same year. Cut the head of a Viper off, or take out the heart alive, and wrap the one or the other within a little linnen rag, and carry it about you, the quartane ague will soon be gone, *by their saying*. Some of them take only the little pretty snouts end of a mouse or the very tips of the ears, and injoin the patient to lap the same in a red carnation coloured cloth, and so to carry it about him; but then the mouse must be let gone again and not killed. Others pluck out the right eie of a green lizard alive; which done, within a while after they chop off the head; they then infold them both in a piece of Goats skin, and give the patient in charge to have the same about him. Some there be who lap a caterpillar in a little piece of linnen cloth, and bind the same thrice about with linnen thred, making three knots thereof, saying at the knitting of every knot, that this they do to cure him or her of a quartane fever." In our younger days schoolboys used to adopt some such remedy as this to charm away warts; so long tradition lasts. "Others carry about them a naked snail in a little piece of fine leather, or els

four heads of snails cut off, and inclosed within a small reed. They prescribe likewise to swallow downe the heart of a Seagull or Cormorent, taken forth of the bodie without any knife or instrument of yron, to keepe the same dried, to beat it to powder, and then to drink it in hot water." Cobwebs, spiders, goose-grease, oil of myrtles, and urelin's flesh are additional remedies; and, if taken in a trusting spirit, would without doubt have proved as useful as any of the preceding.

Fever is, of course, variously treated, its varieties being so many. Pendant remedies, or amulets, were, as they still are in the south of Italy, in high esteem amongst the Romans. For an intermittent fever, which, indeed, is ague, you are advised to take "the right eie of a wolfe, *salt it*, and so tie it about the necke, or hang it fast to any part of the person." Elephant's blood was also occasionally prescribed, and if the patient were of a very delicate constitution, then you might allow for diet a very pretty dish—lion's heart steeped in oil of roses.

If, in the course of your potations, you happened to imbibe quicksilver, the remedy was "the lard of a wolf:" an unguent rather difficult to obtain. Had you been poisoned by "the venome of the sea-hare"—a fish of which Pliny seems to have been terribly afraid—the counterpoise was a mash made of "the bones of an asse well broken, bruised, and sodden;" were your drink "craftily qualified," not with water, but the poison that is in "a rusticke weazill," then your sole resource was in the gall of a he-goat. This was pronounced "soveraigne." Head-ache might be got rid of by suffering the part affected to be touched by "the trunk or snuffle of an elephaunt," or its pain be assuaged "if a man poure vinegar upon the hooks and hingdes of doors, and make a linniment with the durt that commeth of the rust thereof, and therewith anoint the forehead." Deafness was to be cured with a compound of "goose-grease, fresh butter, and bulls gal, tempered with myrrh and rue, or the fume that a horse doth froth mixed with oile of roses." For sore eyes, all that was necessary was to "anoint them with wolfs grease or swines marrow;" but for actual blindness the remedies were more recondite: "The gravie or dripping of the hyenas liver, newly taken out of the body, and roasted, being incorporated with clarified hony into an unguent, riddeth a man from blindness;" or for a disfigurement of the organs of vision: "If the eies be dipped three times in that water wherein a man or woman hath washed their feet, they shall be troubled neither with blearednesse nor any other infirmity." Of doubtful efficacy, I imagine, was the experiment suggested in the following passage: "If one bite off a peece of some tree that hath been blasted with lightning, provided always that he hold his hands behind him in so doing" (a capital way to get a good firm bite), "the said peece of wood will take away" (or give) "the toothache."

While adverting to ailments of the throat,

the next receipt might be made available, if a very powerful acrobat were at your elbow—otherwise, not: "If the uvula be false, it will up again if the patient suffer another to bite the hair in the crown of his head, and so to pull him plumb from the ground." An ordinary accident in eating may be thus prevented: "If a piece of bread have gone wrong, or lie in the way ready to stop the breath, take the crumbs of the same loaf, and put them into both the ears, you shall see it will soon be gone, and do no further harm." For an accident of a more serious nature: "If any fish-bone stick in the throat, and will not remove, it shall incontinently goe downe if the party ready thus to be choked withall put his feet into cold water; but if some piece of any other bones be ready to choke one, make no more ado, but take some little spils of the said bone, and lay them upon the head, and you shall see it pass away and do no harm."

It is as well to get out of the way of a mad dog; but, if you happen to be bitten by one, do this: "Make a decoction of a badger, a cuckoo, and a swallow, and drink it off." Are you nervous? Never mind the benevolent clergyman who advertises in the Times, but "take the pith or marrow out of the Hyena's backbone along and incorporate with old oil and hony: it is passing good for the nerves." We have seen, over and over again, what invaluable properties dwell in our honourable friend, the Hyena. You may deal with cramp, thus: "Make a cataplasme of a live wolfe, sodden in oile till the said oile be gellied to the height or consistence of a cerot." I should like to see a live wolf submitting to this process; but would decline to make up the prescription.

Suppose yourself exposed to danger from serpents, you have only to lay unto the bitten place "the braines of a Hen" and straightway you are whole again. But whether the wound be mortal or not you have your revenge, for—with the exception of salamanders—"serpents can hurt but once, neither kill they many together; to say nothing how, when they have stung or bitten a man, they die for very griefe and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some pricke or remorse of conscience afterwards." A serpent's conscience!

One or two recipes are of special interest to the ladies. The first is for the complexion: "The pasterne bones of a young white bulkin, or steere, sodden for the space of fortie daies and nights together, until such time as they be resolved into the liquor; if the face be wet with a fine linnen cloth dipped in the said decoction, it causeth the skin to look clean and white, and without any rivels or wrinkles; but the said liniment must be kept all night to the face in manner of a maske." The second recipe is for the hair: "Ants eggs stamped and incorporat with flies, likewise pounded together, will give a lovely black colour to the hairs of the eyebrows." The mysteries of a hairdresser's shop are not easily fathomed, and that of Mr. Truefitt may contain the following substitute for curling-

irons: "A cammels taile dried and reduced into ashes and incorporat with oile, doth curl and frizzle the haire of the head."

A PHYSICIAN'S GHOSTS.

IV.

As I have had what would be popularly called A Ghost in my own family, and as that case of what I denominate "thought-impressing" was very strongly impressed on my own thoughts when I was a child, by my Grandmother who was the Ghost-Seer, I think I can give the narrative at first hand, in the narrator's exact words.

My grandmother was a woman of strong mind—a good, bold, upright old lady (I mean, that she held herself upright), who had no nerves to speak of, and such sound health, that it was a favourite boast of hers, when long past seventy, that she had never kept her bed a single day, "except, my dear, you know" (she used to whisper), "upon eight certain occasions" (she had had eight children), "which cannot properly be called maladies."

My grandmother did not believe in ghosts. "Yet, my dears," she used to say to us young ones, "who *should* believe in ghosts but I? For when I was at school (a long time ago, as you may believe), I saw an appearance—"

"When I was about eleven years old, I was placed at a very nice lady's school in the neighbourhood of Sloane-square. Miss Lloyd, who kept the school, was an excellent person, and we school-girls were all very fond of her—fond, though a little afraid of her too, for she was a strict disciplinarian. I was very happy at her school, and some of my firmest friendships that have lasted to me through life were formed there. But there was a girl there, a Miss Hake, who was not exactly a dear friend of mine, but who, nevertheless, took a great deal of notice of me, in a droll, half-joking sort of way. She was a good deal older than myself—she might be fourteen or fifteen—quite one of the older girls. And she rather provoked me, because she treated me as a child—kindly—yet still as a child. She used to plague me, too. She would pinch my little fat cheeks till they were redder than nature had made them, which was red enough—always playfully—yet still she hurt me sometimes; and when she said, 'Now I am going to have a cherry out of your cheek!' I used to run away, and hide myself in some dark corner. Still, I was rather fond of Miss Hake. The truth was, my feelings towards her were an odd mixture of liking and disliking, of attraction and fear. I am pretty sure the liking predominated. She was a tall, handsome girl, with dark curling hair, and large dark eyes.

"Vacation-time was past and gone, and we were all back at school except Miss Hake. No reason was given why Miss Hake was still absent, nor were we other girls surprised that Miss Hake should stay at home a week or two longer than we did. The thing had happened before. Miss Hake was a rich, a favoured pupil, and her holidays were apt to be rather of the

longest, as well as of the oftenest. I mention this to you, my dears, lest you should suppose that my much thinking about Miss Hake was the cause of the curious appearance which I am about to tell you of. I did not think about Miss Hake just at the time to which I refer. Indeed, I seemed to have forgotten all about her. No wonder! We were very busy, repeating the holiday tasks, which (I am sorry to say) we had not learnt—at least, I know I had not learnt mine. Miss Lloyd was, on such occasions, rather put out, and somewhat of the crossiest. About her I was obliged to think a great deal. But, I do assure you, Miss Hake had gone quite out of my head.

"One evening—it was towards the latter end of August (our summer vacation was in July and part of August), one warm summer evening, at nearly eight o'clock, I was in my bedroom, with some other girls who slept in the same apartment (a good large apartment it was), and very busy sorting my linen, which had just come from the wash. By the same token, it was a Saturday evening. Everything was regular at our school. As soon as the linen was brought home from the wash on Saturday evening, we girls went up to our rooms to see that it was right, and to put it by. Each girl had a little clothes-basket of light wickerwork. Each girl had certain drawers to herself in certain chests divided between the occupants of the bedroom; and in these, one's own drawers, and no others, each girl was expected smoothly to lay away her linen—in nice order, too. Articles were not to be mixed, but sorted, so that caps should go with caps, and gowns with gowns. If we did not do this—if we tumbled our drawers—the inspectress, who visited matters daily, reported us for untidiness, and for untidiness Miss Lloyd exacted a fine. Our week's pocket money had to pay for it. These regulations were carefully enforced, in order, as Miss Lloyd observed, 'to give us tidy habits.' On the Saturday night I mention, I was very busy sorting my linen, which had come from the wash in a sadly mixed-up state. The bill that accompanied it was not so easy as usual to verify. I think some other girl's night-caps had got into my basket. At any rate, I was longer than usual sorting my things, and all the other girls had finished putting away their linen before me. They had all left the room, however, without my having taken much notice of that circumstance. I had laid by most of the things in the drawers, and was now stooping over my little basket in order to take the last articles from it. Though it was getting dusk, the light in the room was quite strong enough to admit of my seeing any object with perfect distinctness. Suddenly some feeling made me lift my head from the basket, and there, quite near me, close to the window, and, as it were, looking out from the window-curtain, though not at all shaded by it, stood Miss Hake.

"I called out joyfully (for I was really glad to see her), 'Oh! Miss Hake, are you come?' Miss Hake made no answer. I said, 'Oh! Miss Hake, won't you speak to

me? How long have you been here?' No answer! Something else I said—I forget what—but all of a sudden a little feeling of fear crept over me, because Miss Hake would not speak, and because she looked at me very fixedly with her large dark eyes. Still, my only idea was that Miss Hake was at her old tricks, and wanted to frighten me. Indeed, I cried out, 'Oh! Miss Hake, you want to frighten me!' But in the same moment I felt something of more decided fear, and an impulse which made me throw down the wicker basket that I still held in my hand, run out of the room, and so down into the eating-room, where the girls were assembled for supper. 'Miss Hake is come!' I cried out, now not the least afraid. 'Miss Hake!' cried the girls; 'where is she?' 'Up in my bedroom.' On which some of the older and more privileged ran up-stairs. But they came back rather angry, and said I had been trifling with them, for no Miss Hake was up-stairs. I indignantly denied the trick. Then the talk and the tumult attracted the attention of Miss Lloyd herself. I was called up to her as she sat in the great chair at the head of the supper-table, and closely questioned as to why I had asserted, and persisted in asserting, that Miss Hake was come. I was known to be a truth-teller, and when I simply related my little story, Miss Lloyd so far paid respect to it as to go herself all over the house to see if Miss Hake *was* come. Perhaps Miss Lloyd, in fact, only went through this ceremony to pacify me, for I have since had reason to believe that the schoolmistress knew that Miss Hake could not be come; and, long after these things had passed away, I remembered that Miss Lloyd looked unusually scared and frightened at my reiterated assurance that I had seen Miss Hake. However, no word said she at the time, except (and this was said in a nervous way which strove to be dignified) that I, Miss Bridgeman, was mistaken in my idea that I had seen Miss Hake. Then it was hinted that the subject must be dropped—a hint which doubtless operated the reverse way. Of course I held very firm to what I considered the evidence of my senses; and when the girls of our room were unwatched and in bed, there went about a whispered talk, and many a whispered surmise, why Miss Hake had come (for that she had come was now the popular belief) and then gone away again. There was a decided feeling that Miss Hake had been smuggled out of the house, after having in some odd way smuggled herself into it. I believe murder was darkly hinted at. But, as to a supernatural appearance, no one seemed even to surmise anything so preposterous. For, was not Miss Hake alive and well—at least, when I saw her?

"Well, a few days, perhaps a week, had passed since the time of Miss Hake's supposed visit to the school. We were all assembled in the schoolroom, just going to our morning tasks. After prayers, there was a silence. Miss Lloyd hemmed, and cleared her throat, as if she had something out of the common way to say to us.

We feared a lecture of some kind, for the time when we were lectured was generally after morning prayer. Some of us, I amongst the number, thought guiltily that we had talked of Miss Hake. But now, Miss Lloyd looked more woeful than stern, and, drawing from her pocket a letter with a deep black edge, and a large black seal, said, in a sad voice, 'My dears, I am sorry to inform you I have just had a letter to tell me that your young comrade and friend, Miss Hake, is dead. She died last Saturday night at a little before eight o'clock. I need not point out to you, that, as this was the hour when Miss Bridgeman thought she saw Miss Hake, the idea of her having then been in the house was a fancy and a delusion. Take care, my dears, how you give way to fancies. I dare say Miss Bridgeman was a little unwell, a little timid, at being left alone in the dusk of the evening, and took the window-curtain for Miss Hake.'

"But, grandamma," we used to ask her, "did you really take the window-curtain for Miss Hake?"

"No! my dear children. I saw both window-curtain and Miss Hake as clearly as I now see you."

"But then, grandamma," we used always to object, "if you did not take the window-curtain for Miss Hake, if you saw her as plainly as you do us, why will you not allow you saw a ghost?"

"Because, my dears, I do not believe in ghosts."

"But, grandamma, you saw Miss Hake quite plainly. Now, do say, as plainly as I see you at this moment?"

"Quite as plainly."

"And yet you do not believe you saw a spirit?"

"Not a bit of it!"

This was all we could ever get out of my grandmother, and I believe it set me thinking on these matters long afterwards.

It was an Honourable Envoy extraordinary at the court of Saxony who informed me that his brother Alfred was residing at the time of the following apparitional impression, on his living in Ireland; that there was an old aunt of theirs, also in Ireland, but residing at some distance from the clergyman, who was much looked up to by the family; that the clergyman, Mr. Alfred, was desirous to consult her on some family matters that rather occupied his mind; but, that, though he knew she was ailing, he was unable, from a pressure of parochial duties, to go to her.

Mr. Alfred and his wife were in bed, in a room which opened into their drawing-room. Having not long retired, they had scarcely yet fallen into the incipient dreaminess of semi-sleep, when they were roused by hearing a voice in the adjoining apartment. "Good Heavens!" said Mrs. Alfred to her husband, "it is the voice of your aunt." The clergyman at once recognised that it was so. Both he and

his wife, of course, imagined that the old lady had burst upon them with a sudden visit, and perhaps on some emergent occasion. But the voice said, "Don't be frightened; but get up, Alfred, and come to me. I don't want your wife. I will not have her leave her bed on any account." Mrs. Alfred would have remonstrated, and would have got up, but the voice was imperative, and as she knew the old lady to have a wilfulness of character that would not be trifled with, she remained where she was, while her husband, hastily throwing on a few clothes and his dressing-gown, proceeded with the light which he had struck, into the next room: leaving, however, the door between it and the bedroom partly open. In the sitting-room he found his aunt, attired as usual in plain old-fashioned neatness (in a brown dress), sitting on a sofa: from which she did not, on his entrance, rise, but, waving away, as it were, all ceremonials of greeting, signed to the clergyman to take his place beside her. He did so, and the old lady then entered on a long conversation with him, every word of which, as uttered by the two colloquists, was heard by Mrs. Alfred as she lay in bed in the next room. The old lady had been something of a sceptic on certain points connected with religion. These she first discussed, professing a more assured belief than formerly. After that, she entered at length upon family matters, and gave Mr. Alfred all the advice and information he required, on the subjects then agitating his mind. The information was valuable; was such as no one but the old lady in question could have furnished him with; and subsequently proved of material advantage to his interests. When all this had come to an end, the aunt rose from the sofa, and, repelling, by a significant gesture, any hand-shaking or nearer approach to her person, seemed to melt out of the room—in a way so unlike an ordinary departure, that, for the first time, Mr. Alfred was roused out of a strange bewildered state into a feeling of dread. He, however, hurried after his aunt, whom he supposed to be descending the stairs. No aunt was there. The household were then roused, and the house was searched, with the same negative result. That the aunt had not been there in the body was proved by the intelligence, received a day or two afterwards, of her having been lying in bed dying—observe! not dead—at the time when the clergyman and his wife had supposed they were receiving indubitable tokens of her doubted presence.

This story, not only as regards the impression on two senses, but on the two senses of two separate persons, coming to me from an unimpeachable source, I have always considered of the highest interest. It would show that, in some cases, the cerebral agitation of a dying person is sufficiently strong to impress two brains—either immediately, or by transmission from one to the other.

There is, moreover, reason to suspect that even a non-moribund brain, in particular emotive

states, can produce apparitional impression on another, or others. From a valued medical friend I have heard a remarkable story tending to this. A gentleman and his wife, being in bed, had simultaneously the impression of a female being in the room, whom the husband alone recognised (for the wife had never seen her) as a lady to whom he had formerly been engaged to be married. It turned out, afterwards, that the spectral impression had been produced on the night of the marriage of the lady with another person.

In the following case, for which I am personally responsible, there is a singular complication of causes and transmission of thought:

There was a very dear friend of my younger days, whom I will call Owens. When we were both at a private tutor's together, at a sequestered village in Surrey, he, I, and a third young man, were almost inseparable, and used to spend our leisure time in rambling, side by side, through the romantic lanes that are not so beautiful anywhere as amidst the sand-rocks, hazel-hedges, and violet banks, of Surrey.

Imagine the three friends scattered into various paths of life. I am married; Owens who ran down from business to be present at that marriage, is in his father's banking-house; the third and youngest friend (give him the name of Inson) is studying for the Church at Cambridge. Now, Owens, who had been used to a country life, hard gallops over the Surrey heaths, and exercise of all kinds, pays the penalty of confinement to the desk, and falls ill. In this illness I visit him as a physician, twice, and find him suffering under a spasmodic affection of the hip, of a mysterious kind, to which all the resources of medicine bring no relief. The last time I ever beheld him on earth was at East Sheen, where his family had taken a cottage for the sake of affording him country air. The acuteness of his attack seemed passed. Only immense weakness remained behind the apparently conquered malady; but the patient was placed on a fortifying diet, and was promised eventual restoration. I found him dressed as usual, lying on a sofa, but I did not like the unearthly beauty of his face; always handsome, it was now refined into something spiritual, and the large blue eyes, the crimson lips, the hectic tinge upon a waxen ground, were indications not to be mistaken.

Still, I did not think the end near at hand. He had a good appetite, and was lively and confident, and so were those about him. When his two sisters came smiling into the room to warn me that my quarter of an hour had expired, and when, accompanying me into the drawing-room, they expressed their gay conviction that their brother was quite over the worst of it, and would go out walking in a few days, I caught some temporary infection from the cheerfulness of the family; all the more, too, because my friend's wasted face and thin hand were no longer before me.

I must observe that, in the course of the quarter of an hour's interview, Owens once gave a keen, quivering glance to the past days.

Something like this he said: "I have been longing to have a walk in our old Surrey lanes again! Do you remember how often we used to stroll about there?"

On a calm review of that quarter of an hour, I seem to discern that Owens knew he would die shortly. But, it is important to the integrity of my story that the reader should bear in mind the fact, that I left my friend without the least idea that he was in immediate danger.

I have to ask of my reader, belief in an assertion which may appear singular, but which is true, nevertheless, and which can only be accounted for, partly, by my own temperament, which with difficulty admits two co-existent trains of thought or sensation (if I am absorbed, I am absorbed), and partly by a general metaphysical mystery: namely, that things are sometimes holden from one, as it were, while they are taking place, or verifying themselves, till, at some stated hour, a light seems to flash in upon us, and show connectedly a hundred little separate circumstances all joining and coalescing together in one astounding group.

The assertion for which I demand belief is this: Owens, for many days, was put wholly out of my head. I was newly married: I was going with my wife a round of visits, and always changing scene and place. This is some explanation of a forgetfulness which, after all, is strange, and the more strange, because my wife and I were (at the period to which I would bring my reader) staying at a friend's house in Surrey, close upon the scene of my early intimacy with Owens.

One lovely summer evening, not a week from the time when I had last seen Owens on his sick sofa, Mrs. Cranstoun (I give myself the name) and I, rode out together on horseback. The day (a July day) had been hot; the evening was sultry. We buried ourselves in a labyrinth of those Surrey lanes, which form an arch overhead like the tilt of a waggon. We were in the neighbourhood of Hascombe—the old neighbourhood. But we approached the scene of old days by a way quite different from that to which I had been accustomed. Now, it was nearly nine o'clock; it was dusk; we were in a long lane that was all dark with boughs above us; but, where the lane seemed to take a sudden turn a good way off, the red-gold sky streamed brightly in. There was a dark archway to a vista of light; and, in that archway, just in the midst, and strongly defined by the light all around it, stood a figure. Right in the middle of the road it stood, and had the appearance of a man in a cloak, standing with his back to the light: with his face towards us, but bent down, and almost shrouded by the folds of the cloak. The lane was so narrow, that it did not admit of two persons riding side by side. I was first. From the moment I saw the figure an uneasy sensation came over me. Suddenly, I connected something sinister with this figure. Involuntarily, I recollected that a man, in the avenue leading to my father's house, had so waited for a guest coming

from the house, and seized the bridle, and had, with attendant circumstances of violence, taken purse and pocket-book from an unlucky guest. "How disagreeable," I thought, "to have to go by that figure! I wish the man would stand out of the way!" And then I whipped on my horse, looking back to see that Mrs. Cranstoun, who was close behind, was doing the same, with a dim-defined feeling that it was better to go by that figure quickly, to knock him down if he would not get out of the path, to trample over him if need were. But I did not call out to the man; I could not have spoken a word; I seemed to be under a spell. All this passed quickly, and seemed as if it could not happen otherwise, and as if I were fascinated and mastered by the figure. In a few moments I was close to it. Yet I did not see the face of the man more distinctly. No one can see a face that has the light directly behind it. All I saw was, that there was a face, that there was a human being, solid and material, for that form intercepted the light, which, pouring round it, gave it the distinctness of a statue. I could have drawn the outline, I could draw it now—head bent down, large cloak in picturesque folds, obscure, yet distinct. Now, the horse's nose seemed just about to touch the figure. "I shall certainly ride over this man!" just flashed over me; when, with a kind of relief, I saw the form draw on one side with an easy motion, and as if to give me more room to pass. I distinctly perceived the figure lean back upon the low sand-bank to the right of the lane. One inappreciable instant I saw it there—dark—enfolded in its ample garment, hiding the grass and the rabbit-holes, the tufts and inequalities. Another instant, the figure had disappeared. One moment, a figure shrouded in a cloak; another moment, grass and a bank.

Though all passed so rapidly as to be but the work of a moment, I must have checked my horse for that moment, because I had time to glance round, and to ascertain strictly and certainly that there was no place, no nook, no screen, which could have favoured the possible, or (as it seemed to me) impossible withdrawal of the figure. In that spot the bank was low, the bushes were scanty. I could see perfectly that there was no ditch. I could see all over the neighbouring field. Nothing!

Then, and not till then, a sensation never felt before, never felt since, but never to be forgotten, came over me—a sense of the supernatural. As Job says, "The hair of my flesh stood up." Not that I connected the shape that I had seen, and (if I may so speak) beheld to vanish, with any person, or thing, or boding, or warning. It was the mere manner of appearance and disappearance that so struck and shook me.

In the instant of being seized with the conviction that I had seen a disappearance, I was seized with a wild longing to get away from the spot as quickly as possible. I did not turn my head—I could not have spoken to my companion.

But here again is a curious thing.

From the time I first saw the form, to the moment when I sped away from the place where it had vanished, I knew that Mrs. Cranstoun saw all, felt all, knew all, and partook all, as if she and I had but one brain. There was no need for words. We were both flying from the same terror. Close behind me she came. I knew that she urged on her horse at the moment I urged on mine. So on we rode—silent and swift—enveloped in the same dread, nor ever checked rein till we reached the friend's house where we were staying.

Note again this remarkable thing. We neither of us said one word respecting the figure, to each other, to anybody: when we withdrew to prepare ourselves for tea, or during the whole evening. Only, when we were alone together at night, I began:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes!"

"Can you bear to think of it, or talk of it?"

"Hardly!"

"Do you shudder when you think of it?"

"Yes!"

But, now a strong curiosity took possession of me, and I (without a word that might suggest an answer) asked more particularly:

"What did you see? How did you feel?"

The repetition of what Mrs. Cranstoun had seen, felt, and thought, was the exact transcript of what I had seen, felt, and thought. Moreover, Mrs. Cranstoun had known, throughout, that I was feeling just as she did, and that we were thinking and acting as one person.

"When," she said, "you urged on your horse, I knew that it was to pass the ugly figure as rapidly as possible. I felt a fear that the man (for it seemed to be a man) would seize hold of my horse's bridle. I thought, surely we shall ride over this man! I saw the dark figure lean on one side, and recline, as it were, upon the bank. Almost in the same moment it disappeared. I looked through and over the hedge, almost incredulously—as if, to use an old expression, I did not believe my own eyes. I saw that the figure had really disappeared; and then I felt a creeping all over me, and a wish to get away, and to reach home, as if there would be something real there. I knew very well that you urged on your horse for the same reasons that I urged on mine. But I could not have spoken to you for the world."

After this conversation, we agreed that we would not—could not—speak of the thing again.

But I never thought of Owens.

Three or four days after (while we were still staying at the same friend's house where we had been at the time of the appearance) we went with our hosts in an open carriage to the neighbouring town. The ladies were in a mercer's shop, when a groom with black crape round his hat rode up to the carriage in which I was seated at the shop-door, and gave into my hands a letter sealed with black. Disagreeably impressed, I opened it, and found that it con-

tained rather a detailed account of the death of my dear friend Owens: which had occurred very suddenly and unexpectedly, on the evening when I had seen the dark figure in the lane, and at a little before nine o'clock—the hour of the appearance. The letter stated that an apoplectic attack had occurred in the morning. Bleeding had relieved the insensibility. Towards evening, the patient became conscious, and, from his own feelings, declared that he was about to die. He then sent farewell messages to various friends. I was particularly mentioned, almost at the last moment of life, and an earnest desire was expressed that I should be present at his funeral. Accordingly, the letter invited me and Mrs. Cranstoun to that sad ceremony, which was to take place in a day or two, at a village in Surrey, about ten miles off.

Impossible, after this, not to connect the appearance in the lane with the death of Owens. Besides, there now suddenly came into my head, a crowd of circumstances singularly connected with the impression—the apparition, as it would popularly be called. In those lanes, Owens and myself had often rambled, and when we last frequented those haunts of our youth, Owens, the time being winter, had constantly worn a large cloak, or roquelaure (as the article was called at that time), of a dark blue colour, which he was accustomed to drape about him as the figure's cloak was arranged.

Curiously, too, I had a miniature picture of Owens in that very cloak. But critical friends had exclaimed against the cloak, as affected and Byronic; and as, in that young season, I was apt to play the part of the old man with his ass, and to try to please everybody (let the reader believe I have given this up long ago), the miniature was, at that very time, in the hands of the artist (Miss Kendrick) to be altered. All this occurred to me now, but had had no place in my remembrance before.

The story is not quite finished yet.

Let the reader imagine the funeral long over. Time has passed, and I am down at Cambridge, to vote at an election. I find my friend Inson (the third of the private-tutor trio, be it remembered) in the agony of examinations and entrance into holy orders. Still, he has time to talk to me of old days, of the death of poor Owens, and of the sorrow that event had caused him. Of course, I tell him the story of the appearance in the lane.

In a breathless way Inson cries out, "Do you not remember what took place in that lane?"

"No."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Inson, "it was there, if I rightly understand your description, that you, and I, and Owens, solemnly swore to each other, that, he of us who died first, should appear to the others—that is, if there were a

future state, which we, in our young scepticism, were not quite sure of."

The words of Inson were to me as the application of fire to a revelation written in sympathetic ink. Every syllable came out clearly. A connexion of events which I seemed long to have been seeking, now shot into its place, and that, too, with an astonishment that such a veil had been over my memory until now! Just there! Yes, indeed, it was the very spot where we had solemnly taken each other's hands, and sworn that the first dead should appear to the other two.

How could I have failed to recognise that spot? Surely it was marked enough by the long vista of lane, the turn at the end, the boughs getting scanty, the light coming through!

Why, now, enlightened as I was, I could have identified every inequality in the bank, every rabbit-hole, even a species of hemlock that grew thereabout.

And we had sat on that bank. And I had not remembered it.

I look upon this case of my own, as a most beautiful and interesting proof of the power of soul and brain, at the moment when they are about to be severed, to manifest their existence, to another soul and brain:—as a remarkable instance of a power there is in humanity, at that great extremity and verge of change, to impress humanity with kindred thought: and that so strongly that two brains may be impressed together, either simultaneously or by conveying the electric impulse from one to the other.

Be it remembered, Owens had been present at my marriage with Mrs. Cranstoun. He was not well at the time. He had left a sick-room to come to the church where the marriage took place. These circumstances would naturally impress his mind, and connect Mrs. Cranstoun and myself in one idea, as it were. Naturally, he might connect us two in a dying thought, and so, by the wondrous cerebral agitation of the act of dissolution, might make the idea of himself apparent to both of us at the same moment.

Or, the dying spirit and agitated brain might impress my brain and optic nerve alone; and I might convey my own cerebral impressions to the person who was close to me and in strict relation with me.

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